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PART 34 —— VOLUME 3

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A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED MONOGRAPHS: ISSUED MONTHLY

PART 34 OCTOBER, 1902 VOLUME 3

Hogarth

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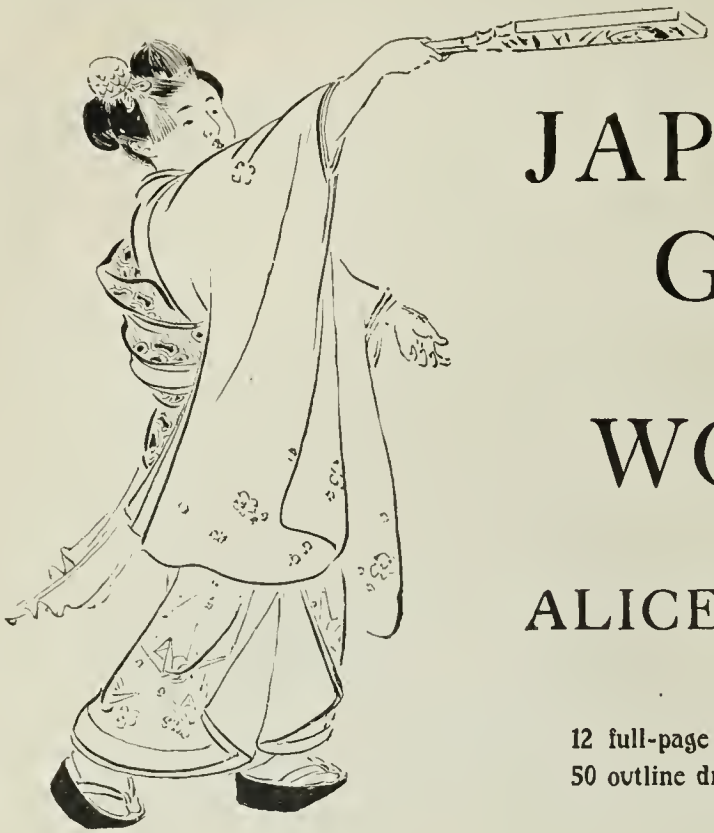

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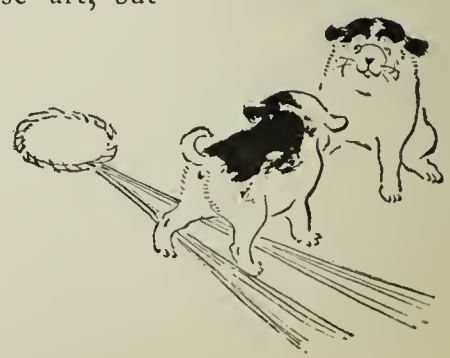

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William Hogarth

By Austin Dobson

With Introduction by Sir Walter Armstrong

Director of the National Academy, Ireland

And Seventy Reproductions from Hogarth's Works in Photogravure and Facsimile

Mr. John Lafarge

in his series of essays on "Great Masters," to be published in *McClure's Magazine* 1902–1903 says:

"The hatred of vice and contempt of shams urged Hogarth to give us portraits, perhaps more real than life, of auctioneers and art charlatans, foreign adventurers, brutal judges, insolent and foolish lords and ladies, and of the immoral world in which they throve. He speaks of it all straightforwardly, without irony, without poetic fierceness, with no compassion, with a certain unrelenting steadiness of attitude, as if his mind could not play over things he disliked and see any other side. But all the more, perhaps, does he represent the painter, the presenter of appearances. What he saw was clothed in forms of picturesqueness which helped to typify the characters he represented. They were, as it were, the clothes of their calling. So that besides the eternal story we see in his works the picture of a period which has faded away and has left no better external record than his; a period necessary for us to understand because from its developments in politics, religion, morals, and social manners our beginnings were derived."

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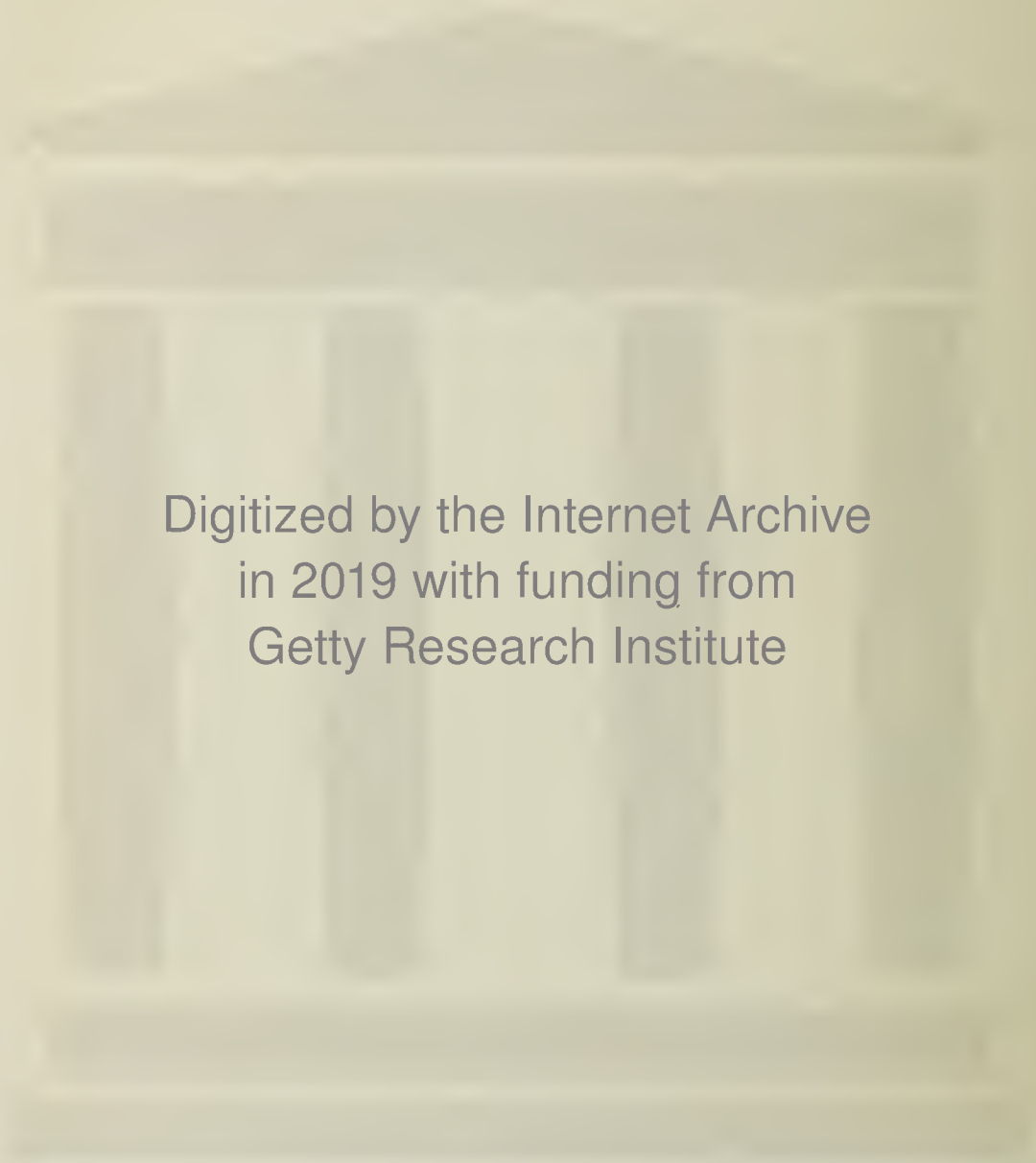
MASTERS IN ART

Hogarth

ENGLISH SCHOOL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MASTERS IN ART PLATE I
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HOGARTH

HOGARTH
FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY, I — MORNING
ORIGINAL PAINTING IN LADY HEATHCOTE'S COLLECTION

MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

HOGARTH

MARRIAGE À LA MODE. I — THE MARRIAGE CONTRACT

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE III
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HOGARTH
MARRIAGE À LA MODE, II — THE BREAKFAST SCENE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY LUKE SULLIVAN

HOGARTH
THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY
ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. GRAY

HOGARTH

THE ELECTION SERIES, IV—CHAIRING THE MEMBER

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
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HOGARTH
SIMON, LORD LOVAT
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MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

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HOGARTH
THE SHRIMP GIRL
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII
FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HOGARTH

HOGARTH
THE DISTRESSED POET
ORIGINAL PAINTING IN THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION

MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

HOGARTH
GARRICK AND HIS WIFE
ROYAL GALLERY, WINDSOR

MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. E. GRAY

HOGARTH

A RAKE'S PROGRESS, I — THE HEIR

SOANE MUSEUM, LONDON

PORTRAIT OF HOGARTH BY HIMSELF NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

Hogarth was a sturdy, outspoken, witty, obstinate, bustling little man; conceited, and fond of affecting self-importance, yet in the main kindly, and the most loyal of friends. The best portrait of him is this, with his favorite pug-dog Trump, in which he depicts himself at the age of forty-eight, gazing out of the canvas with alert blue eyes, his fur cap pushed back to show the scar on his forehead, which he liked to display, and with a palette beside him inscribed with the famous "Line of Beauty."

William Hogarth

BORN 1697: DIED 1764
ENGLISH SCHOOL

MRS. OLIPHANT 'BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE': 1869

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born in London, on November 10, 1697, of an obscure family, his father being a schoolmaster and corrector of the press. The boy showed a precocious inclination toward art. "My exercises," he says, "when at school were more remarkable for the ornaments that adorned them than for the exercise itself"; and he was early apprenticed to Ellis Gamble, a silver-plate engraver. At twenty-three he set up as an engraver on his own account, and spent the rest of his young life in designing coats-of-arms and other ornamentation for the silver tankards and heavy table furniture of the age.

But the engraving of silver-plate did not long satisfy the ambitious youth. He felt himself capable of better things, and was eager for success and fame. Reflecting "that the time necessary to learn in the usual mode would leave no room to spare for the common enjoyments of life"—a sacrifice which he does not feel inclined to make—Hogarth finds nothing left for it but to consider "whether a shorter road than that usually travelled was not to be found." His thoughts on this point he records as follows:—

"Instead of burdening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eyes with copying dry and damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of attaining knowledge in my art, . . . and I endeavored to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects are composed, I could, by degrees, combine and put them down with my pencil."

The kind of study of nature which Hogarth thus adopted was not, however, that recommended by schools of art. "Sometimes, but too seldom, I took the life," he says, "for correcting the parts I had not perfectly enough remembered." "The life" as represented by an academic model was almost as little in his way as copying "dry or damaged pictures." It was nature as it abounded in the streets, in the ale-houses, wherever the jovial, obstinate, self-opinionated young fellow passed, that he pursued; his pleasures and studies going hand in hand.

Having thus framed for himself his own scheme of work, the young man

seems to have attempted no further exercise of the trade which he had just finished learning. "The instant I became master of my own time I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper," he says; and according to his own statement his first work was in the shape of frontispieces and illustrations to books, many of which—his illustrations of 'Hudibras,' 'Don Quixote,' among them—are still preserved, though of merit greatly inferior to what was to come.

This early preface to life was not without its struggles. "I remember the time," he says, "when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling; but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets. . . . I could do little more than maintain myself until I was near thirty," he adds, "but even then I was a punctual paymaster."

The picture he thus gives of himself is as clear as any he ever made. An honest fellow, over-careful neither of his money, his time, nor his words; not self-denying, yet conscientious according to his fashion; determined to have his own way even in art; very confident of his own powers; dauntless in his undertakings; undiscouraged by failure—a jovial, careless, stubborn, prejudiced, yet righteous, soul, without any delicacy of perception or fineness of feeling, but with an eye like the light that saw and could not help seeing, and a mind strongly prepossessed with that vulgar, powerful sense of morality in which there is yet nothing really religious. Such a man set free to work as he listed in such an age might be trusted to find work worth the doing. And Hogarth found his and did it, gaining strength as he went on.

He was at this time fitfully attending the art academy of Sir James Thornhill, though that painter's young daughter was probably an attraction more powerful than his teaching. Sir James's academy was held "in a room he had built at the back of his own house"; and here Hogarth first met Jane Thornhill, who must have seemed to him no inapt representative of the legendary master's daughter of all London romances. We know nothing of the progress of the stolen courtship; but the issue was that Jane Thornhill ran away with the painter, and they were married at Old Paddington Church on the twenty-third of March, 1729.

It was, no doubt, a most imprudent match. Hogarth was thirty-one, and had yet done nothing to justify his own self-confidence, but was still a struggling poor artist. His Bohemian life, however, ceased with his marriage, and the sobering touch of household necessities speedily showed its effects upon his work. He took a house in Leicester Fields, and entered the world of legitimate art formally as a portrait-painter. What his domestic circumstances were there is no record, but he seems to have been claiming ineffectually from his father-in-law the portion which Thornhill probably thought his daughter had forfeited by her clandestine marriage, and it was hard times with the household. We find, however, in his journal a list of pictures undertaken during the first year of his marriage, which shows that he was not without patronage. These were, no doubt, the "small conversa-

tion pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high," which, as he himself says, "having novelty, succeeded for a few years."

At the same time, while still casting about for his fit work, a more ambitious project crossed his mind. "I entertained some hopes," he says, "of succeeding in what puffers in books call 'the Great Style of History-painting,' so that, without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and, with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history-painting, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two Scripture stories, the 'Pool of Bethesda' and the 'Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting of them more easily attainable than is generally imagined."

The result by no means fulfilled his hopes. These vast compositions "served as a specimen" to show, not what English art could do if properly encouraged, but that sacred art was not in Hogarth's way, and that he had nothing to do with the grand and heroic. But his conversation pieces had begun to fail. It became more and more evident that, the heroic also failing, some new attempt must be made to strike out an individual path; and Hogarth was roused to renewed ponderings over his own powers.

"I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style," he says, "totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage. My picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a dumb show. . . . I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode,—painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or age." It is to this resolution that we owe 'A Harlot's Progress,' painted in 1731, 'A Rake's Progress,' and the 'Marriage à la Mode.' . . .

These wonderful pictures and the rapid sale of the engraved copies of them made an immediate revolution in the circumstances of the painter. By the wiles of his young wife, who was eagerly seeking a means of reconciliation between his father-in-law and himself, the first series of paintings was placed clandestinely in Thornhill's drawing-room. The old painter was moved to instant admiration. He asked who was the artist; but when he was informed a humorous change ensued. "Oh, very well; very well indeed," said Jane Thornhill's father. "The man who can paint such pictures as these can maintain a wife without a portion!" It is almost the only occasion upon which the veil is lifted from Hogarth's domestic life.

His second series, 'A Rake's Progress,' appeared not much more than a year later, and was but little less successful; and now wealth began to flow in upon the ever-energetic painter. A host of other works testify to the untiring vigor of the artist, who at last found himself appreciated, and evidently labored with a sense of enjoyment under the pleasant stimulus of applause.

In the ten years which elapsed between the publication of 'A Rake's Progress' and that of 'Marriage à la Mode,' he painted and published in engravings the 'Modern Midnight Conversation,' a wonderful group of revelers, most of them in the last stage of intoxication; 'The Sleeping Congregation'; 'The Distressed Poet'; a group of doctors in consultation known as the 'Undertakers' Arms'; and an equally grotesque group of students at a lecture; 'The Four Parts of the Day'; 'Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn'; 'The Enraged Musician'; 'Taste in High Life,' etc., besides a crowd of other less remarkable works. At the same time, in this period of satisfied and prosperous but always pugnacious activity, he painted several portraits with the avowed intention of rivaling the old masters whom his dilettante friends worshiped.

In 1735, justly disgusted by the losses he had sustained from spurious copies of his prints, he sought and obtained, in concert with various other artists and print-sellers, the law of copyright in drawings and engravings, which secured to him the benefit of his own genius; and the prints of 'A Rake's Progress,' dated July, 1735, bear the now familiar legend, "According to the act of Parliament."

"He was rich enough to keep his carriage," says Allan Cunningham; "and though brother artists conceded to him the name of painter with whimsical reluctance, he was everywhere received with the respect and honor due to a man of high talents and uncommon attainments." So little seems to have been authentically known of his private life that it is vain to make any attempt to discover its fashion. "He loved state in his dress," the same authority adds, "and good order in his household; and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests." Barry describes him as "a little man in a sky-blue coat," whom he saw once standing at the corner of a street encouraging two boys to fight. He was a friend of Fielding and Garrick, but does not appear to have made his way into fashionable society, though he painted pictures for Horace Walpole, and had patrons of title like other men.

Just before the publication of the 'Marriage à la Mode' engravings, Hogarth sold nineteen of the original pictures from which his former prints had been taken by means of a whimsically devised auction, at which only five minutes were to be allowed for the bidding on each picture. When the day of sale arrived, Hogarth's study was full of great and noble personages, but the sale itself was commercially a failure. For the nineteen pictures thus sold he received only £427. It "must have stung his proud spirit," says Allan Cunningham; and it is apparent in every line of his personal narrative that the effect of this and other slights shown to himself and to native art generally embittered the whole current of Hogarth's thoughts.

The engravings of 'Marriage à la Mode,' as we have intimated, were published in the year 1745. Hogarth's next work was the series of 'Industry and Idleness,' as exemplified in the history of Goodchild and Idle, two London 'prentices—a drama quite according to the tastes of the time, for "the thrifty citizens of London welcomed these works warmly, and hung

them in public and private places as guides and examples to their children and dependents."

After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, Hogarth went to France, and no sooner had he crossed the Channel than the vulgar instincts of the irrepressible Englishman seem to have burst forth in him without restraint. "He was displeased from the first with the people, the country, the houses, and the fare. All he looked upon he declared to be in bad taste. He laughed when he saw a ragged boy; and at the sight of silk stockings with holes in them he burst out into very imprudent language." The result was that he was summarily sent back, with the assurance that had not the peace been signed he would have been in danger of hanging, and two guards accompanied him on board the English packet. He revenged himself by a design called 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' and at a later period by two pictures called respectively 'England' and 'France,' supposed to represent the eve of an invasion, in which frogs and *soupe maigre* on the one side, and riotous living on the other, are the chief features.

It would be tedious to go over in detail all his remaining productions. The only late works with a moral meaning are the series entitled 'The Four Stages of Cruelty' and the two prints called 'Beer Street' and 'Gin Lane.' After these he produced 'The March to Finchley,' full of fun and movement, and the varied scenes of the 'Election,' from which we have the clearest and most graphic notion of what politics were in those days.

In the year 1753, when he had reached the mature age of fifty-six, Hogarth made his début in literature. "What?" he himself writes—

> "What? a book, and by Hogarth! Then twenty to ten
> All he 's gained by his pencil he 'll lose by his pen.
> Perhaps it may be so — howe'er, miss or hit,
> He will publish — here goes: it is double or quit!"

The work was the 'Analysis of Beauty,' a book full of trenchant criticisms upon everybody who differed with him, and in which he set forth a theory which he had indicated some time before by a curving line drawn upon a palette in the foreground of his own portrait, on which were engraven the words, "Line of Beauty." "No Egyptian hieroglyphic ever amused more than it did for a time," he writes. "Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people." We have no space to describe either the book or its theory,—it was in the main a desultory essay, having for pretext the principle, attributed to Michelangelo, that a figure should be always "pyramidall, serpentlike, and multiplied by one, two, and three"; but it had upon Hogarth the effect which pen and ink often seem to have upon those to whom pigments and pencils are the natural weapons, it drove him into public argumentation, abuse, and defence. Passion grew warmer and warmer as it was expressed; and the Englishman's theoretical contempt for the old masters, who were continually thrown in his teeth, grew to such a heat that it drove him to the most unequal and unlikely contest.

A picture of 'Sigismunda,' weeping over the heart of her murdered lover, supposed to be by Correggio, had been a short time before sold for £400, and Hogarth, with insane rivalry, offered to paint the same subject for the same price. The painter was now sixty-two, and gave signs of having failed a little from his height of force. The subject was utterly out of his way. His motive could be little more than the stings of rivalship and emulation. He had attained most things that men desire. He was well off, famous, the founder of a national school of art; he even acknowledges the "partiality" with which the world had received his works. He was Sergeant-painter to the King, the highest mark of official favor. But all these good things did not defend him from that sting of vanity. Hogarth's 'Sigismunda' was a commission from Sir Richard Grosvenor, who, "falling into the clutches of the dealers in old pictures," as Hogarth expresses it, seemed reluctant to accept it; whereupon the proud painter haughtily wrote to release his patron from the bargain, and the picture never left his studio. In his pride and resentment he forbade his widow, by his will, to sell it for less than £500.

The critics, who had fallen upon his 'Analysis of Beauty' as one man, now threw themselves with equal or increased vigor on the unfortunate picture thus left upon his hands; and dauntless and virulent as Hogarth was, he was old and worn with much labor, and his health was affected by his mortification. When he recovered from the illness which ensued, war abroad and contention at home engrossed every one's mind. "Prints," he says, "were thrown into the background, and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some 'timed' thing to recover my lost time and stop a gap in my income. . . . This drew forth my print of 'The Times,' a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity." This political satire did anything but promote these objects in Hogarth's own experience. It roused against him the unrestrained tongue of Wilkes, who had been his friend, but who immediately brought out in the *North Briton* a furious article on "the King's Sergeant-painter, William Hogarth." Hogarth, deeply wounded, retaliated by a squinting portrait of Wilkes, so savagely like, so full of the fierce satire of truth, that the town was electrified. The blow struck deeply, and called up Churchill, Wilkes's henchman, who in defence of his principal published a savage "Epistle to William Hogarth." Hogarth struck again, but this time more feebly, by publishing a print of Churchill in the character of a bear. "The pleasure and pecuniary advantage from these two engravings," says the uncompromising old warrior, with fine satisfaction, "together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

But amid these storms life was beginning to wane. Hogarth took a house in retired Chiswick upon the Thames, among the trees and gardens, and left off work, "amusing himself with making slight sketches and retouching his plates." He went up to town now and then, and now recovered, now lost strength, as that piteous process of dying demanded; but complained that he was "no longer able to think with the readiness, and work with the elasticity of spirit" which had been habitual with him.

In the autumn of 1764 he went back to London, but spent only one day there; and died quite suddenly on the twenty-sixth of October, of an aneurism. He was sixty-seven, full of years and honors; and yet died childless, worried, wearied, and vexed with the contradictions of life.

The Art of Hogarth

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER 'TEMPLE BAR': 1862

HOLBEIN, Van Dyck, and Lely went to England with talents already matured, with nothing to learn from, and everything to teach, their hosts; but they founded no school, and British art never knew youth, even adolescence; it came into the world grave, self-assured, and mature; and William Hogarth was the English Giotto.

If an absolutely original painter ever existed, that painter was Hogarth. We search his work in vain for reminiscences of antique form, for the slightest reflex of the touch of the great Italian masters; nay,—and this is matter for astonishment,—for any marked similarity with the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters, who, by the homeliness of their subjects and the realism of their execution, seem to have been the earliest professors of the Hogarthian creed. It may almost be said that as Pascal invented mathematics without any study of books, so did Hogarth invent painting without any study of pictures, guided simply by the desire to give pictorial form and plastic vesture to certain innate conceptions. Drawing and color were in his eyes only so many secondary means; he was always preoccupied by the *idea* to be explained. Man, physically considered, was almost a nonentity to him. The moral man was everything. To show the vagaries of every human passion, to drag forth every absurdity, to scourge every vice, after having paraded it through every phase of degradation—such was the goal to which the steps of this painter-moralist ever tended; and no caprice of the palette, no whim of the brush, ever made him swerve from his course. Everything in his pictures shows intention, significance, and observation. The slightest detail has its meaning. The clock, the chair, the table, are those which should and must be *there*, and not anywhere else, and would be wholly out of place in another room. His figures are all typical; and the features of his personages, purposely exaggerated in expression perhaps, are not to be mistaken. Occasionally they may be caricatured, ruddled, as it were, as are the faces of actors on the stage; and indeed it might almost be assumed that certain works of Hogarth had been painted less from nature than from some capital comedy performed by first-rate actors, so cunning is the arrangement of *mise en scène*, and so dexterously is everything calculated from a theatrical point of view.

But if Hogarth cared little for form, as the Greeks understood form, he nevertheless excelled in expression and in facial mimicry. The gestures of

his characters are essentially true to human emotions; they flash forth under the impulse of predetermined sentiments. Hogarth disdained to bring them into combination for the mere sake of so many angles, so many curves, so many points of contrast, or so many alternations of lines. They are *there*, and they must be drawn. So much the worse for the countenance of a man or woman if Hogarth finds it degraded by vice, convulsed by passion, disfigured by ugliness or positive deformity. He will spare you neither wrinkle nor crow's-foot, furrow nor swelling, pimple nor bruise. He puts forward no pretensions to please the eye; for he is—pardon the pleonasm—no painter of the picturesque. He was a pictorial essayist, a philosopher, an author who painted instead of writing his comedies—the Aristophanes of the brush.—FROM THE FRENCH BY G. A. SALA

SIDNEY COLVIN 'THE PORTFOLIO': 1872

THAT, as Charles Lamb wrote, you "look at other pictures, but *read* Hogarth's"—that Shakespeare is the first book, and Hogarth the second which you would choose for your favorite two—sayings like these point to one, at least, of those qualities which the master's work bears so patently that all may recognize it. His pictures are like books; they tell a story which you must spell out chapter by chapter, which is full of ingenious digressions and allusions, and might, if the genius of the inventor had lain that way, have been expressed in words as readily as in images. Indeed, his intellectual invention is inexhaustible; when he is at his best it is profoundly ingenious, illuminating, tragic, and humorous. Every accessory or knickknack, every seeming haphazard of the furniture or litter of the scene, will have a pregnant bearing and allusion on every other, full of significance when you have hunted it out, though making no appeal to the perceptions at first sight.

The next predominant note of his work is strength of moral purpose, together with coarseness of moral sensibility. The strength of purpose showed itself in the nature and significance of the tales which he chose to tell; the coarseness of sensibility in the nature and choice of the images by help of which he tells them. A painter disposed to tell tales has his own choice of what sort he will tell; and when we find Hogarth choosing to paint a moral with every tale, when we find him saying to young heirs, in 'A Rake's Progress,' "Waste your substance in riotous living and you will end your days in Bedlam"—to fashionable young men and rich young women and their relations, in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' "See what comes of a mercenary match"—to boys beginning life, in 'Industry and Idleness,' "Idle, and you will come to be hanged; work hard, and you will come to be Lord Mayor"—to boys cruel to animals, in 'The Four Stages of Cruelty,' "Begin by tormenting a dog, and you will end with the gallows, and the dissecting-table after the gallows"—when, I say, we find him choosing tales like these to tell, we are sure that his work is marked, for one thing, by strength of moral purpose. Indeed, leaving his paintings that are explicit parables for those that are no more than satires,—in other words, those that are narratives for those that are exhibitions merely, like the 'Four Times of the Day'

and 'The Election Series,'—we find that these too are exhibitions for reproof. True, it is reproof mingled with laughter, but still reproof for the sake of reformation—satire, in a word. It is Lamb again who hits the mark exactly: "A set of severer satires," he says, "(for they are not so much comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine satires) less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal." Exactly. In Juvenal and in Hogarth we find the same observation, the same scorn, unflinching to perceive and vehement to scathe; the same strength of purpose, the same coarseness of sensibility. Your strong and masculine satirist hates and despises the evil more than he flinches from the shame or softens towards the pity; and accordingly, Hogarth, the Juvenal of art, shows you sights and manners often intolerably loathsome, foul, and hideous, such as persons whose moral instincts are very tender cannot bear to look upon.

And, indeed, that is the temper of his time; that is the character of the England into which this astonishing artist was born. Hogarth and his friend Fielding work in the same atmosphere of fisticuffs, license, physical boisterousness, shamelessness, outrageous hearty life and outrageous infamy, sensuality, and degradation. Fielding never writes but "to promote the cause of virtue," nor ever seems the least disgusted at the vice which he exposes. Hogarth, indeed, is much the sterner and more terrible moralist, the more profound imagination of the two, and cannot, like the other, do his lecturing gaily; but he too has touches of singular brightness and sweetness in the midst of his depraved, his riotous and humiliating world. He has his counterparts to Sophy Western, radiant with spirit and youth and innocence. He has his fair and faithful Fannies, his patient Amelias—rosy faces and delicate sweet figures of women that smile here and there amid all the riot of knocks and drunkenness and ill-behavior and selfish folly.

A Rembrandt paints the every-day Amsterdam populace as he sees it, but with his own enhancements of imaginative mystery. A Hogarth paints the every-day London crowd as he sees it, but with no disguise at all, filling the crowd with particular, and it may be sarcastic, portraits of his friends and enemies and the fashionable or notorious personages of the hour. That is the last stage in art's passage from the ideal to the real. And in making it, the old high instinct of grace, sweetness, and dignity has assuredly flown. The art is a less lovely and divine thing; and you cannot but deplore that loveliness and the higher charm of treatment—though force and magic and skill of treatment may be left—have flown with the old ideal motives and aspirations.

And this brings us from the qualities of Hogarth's art that are chiefly intellectual and moral to the qualities of it that are more properly artistic. What is his spirit in the mechanic parts of color, execution, and design, as compared with other artists who went before or came after? It is a question which has been often passed over or carelessly answered. The pictorial parts of art interest Englishmen so much less than the literary parts, and Hogarth's art speaks so emphatically and eloquently by its literary parts, that many of his critics have forgotten that he was a painter at all; and others, judging by

preconception and the canons of the sublime, have been satisfied with esteeming him a paltry one.

M. Feuillet de Conches has written of Hogarth, "He was a greater painter than his didactic and satiric reputation leaves most judges leisure to acknowledge. If he never deliberately sought for shining qualities of execution, he found them nevertheless; for he had unconsciously the eye of a fine colorist, and his hand went whither his genius led. In his masterpieces there are figures very richly, cleverly, and subtly painted; the chiaroscuro very well understood; and passages of color positively masterly and not surpassed by anything of the Flemish school."

All this is true. In his best works Hogarth catches with a perfect subtlety the color of rich or poor apparel, indoor furniture or outdoor litter, the satin, bows, jewels, ribbons, of the bride, the fur coat and hose and waistcoat of the beau, lace, silk, velvet, broadcloth, spangles, and brocade, rich carpets, rich wall-hangings, the look of pictures on the wall; or, on the other hand, the coarse appurtenances of the market-place or the street-crossing—he catches them and their tones and relations in the indoor or outdoor atmosphere with a perfect subtlety and sense of natural harmony. And not only this, but without a school and without a precedent (for he is no imitator of the Dutchmen) he has found a way of expressing what he sees with the clearest simplicity, richness, and directness—a kind of facile succulence which is bright without being flimsy. Indeed, but for this rich and clean craftsmanship, but for this mechanic pleasantness to relieve the moral horror, the art of Hogarth would be, in many instances, quite intolerable to our perceptions.

I should not say that he was so strong in design and draftsmanship as in color and painter's craft. In that part of design which concerns the distribution of figures, forms, and masses, he was guided much more by the exigencies of drama than by the instinct of composition; and it seems like haphazard when the composition does arrange itself—and it sometimes does—as the sensitive instinct would soonest have it. In draftsmanship, what excellence he has comes to him through his gift for expression and physiognomy. His drawing was forced, on the one hand, into some degree of burlesque and parody by the energy of his moral and satirical temperament, and, on the other, betrayed by imperfect discipline into something of laxity and coarseness. In the technical matter of engraving, too (since it is by his prints that Hogarth must ever be known to the majority), the qualities which his manner possesses are vigor and expressiveness and facility; the qualities which it lacks are precision and discipline.

We have touched upon but a small portion of all which Hogarth suggests to criticism; but to rank him rightly let us remember the main things—that English art burst with him into sudden, untaught, and peculiar perfection; that he carried the unfastidious, realistic spirit of the Dutchmen into new developments, flooding the painting of real life, first, with narrative incidents and intellectual ideas, according to the genius of his country, and then loading it, according to the genius of his time, with moral emphasis, and dis-

figuring it, as that emphasis demanded, with images of low hideousness or absurdity, yet ennobling the absurdity with pathos, and redeeming the hideousness with exquisite color and spirited renderings. He was as much of an artist as Rembrandt or Reynolds, more of a satirist than Swift, more of a romancer than Fielding, more of a moralist than Johnson—the sturdy incarnation and epitome of his age.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE 'CENTURY MAGAZINE': 1897

HOGARTH the satirist and Hogarth the painter were like two different natures; but dismiss his subjects from mind, study his pictures for what they look rather than for what they mean, and see with what wonderful taste and refinement he has painted them. Notice, for instance, his gamblers at the gaming-table for their grouping and action; see with what skill he has drawn the room and filled it with atmosphere, and with what charm he has woven through that atmosphere his subtle and beautiful scheme of color. In the 'Orgies' picture notice the woman in the foreground pulling off her shoes and stockings; could anything be more beautiful, as art, than the abandon and grace of the action, the beauty of the color, the setting and relief of the figure? See again the circle of women around the table; how delicately the reds, blues, yellows, and grays of the dresses harmonize and run together! Even in that charnel-house of the mind, the mad-house, of 'A Rake's Progress,' are two women standing in the background, one dressed in pink silk and the other in silver gray, than which Watteau never painted anything more graceful or more delicate. It must have been a strange imagination that could entertain such visions of beauty and deformity at one and the same time—a strange nature that could be so coarse in thought, so refined in feeling and execution; that knowingly married Beauty to the Beast; and consciously gilded the gutter with rainbow hues.

Hogarth was not a landscape-painter, yet he knew a great deal about landscape. He knew how to paint a street with air in it, sky over it, and buildings placed in their proper planes. In fact, he could paint almost anything, and in nothing was he stronger than in still-life. His cups and saucers and table-cloths are as beautiful as Chardin's; his beef in the 'Calais Gate' is worthy of any Dutchman; and neither Pater nor Watteau was his superior in painting silks, draperies, and furniture.

Technically he was uneven in drawing. Sometimes he was harsh and lacking in freedom, at other times quite rhythmical and flowing. He seldom drew like an academician, trained to ease by knowledge, and giving the whole truth of form. On the contrary, he frequently cut out the accidental by a loose, broken line, and summarized an object, like Ostade or Millet.

All his people have weight and bulk, and they all stand or sit firmly. Moreover, they hold their places by virtue of their atmospheric setting. None of the old English masters so thoroughly understood the problem of *enveloppe*, the placing of figures in atmosphere.

He was not less skilful in the handling of color. There is a sharp brick quality often shown in his flesh that is peculiar to English painting, but in

other respects he is most forceful while being most subtle. His tones are usually pure, though he often used broken notes to attain delicacy. All colors—reds, blues, greens, grays, Jan Steen's yellows—are seen upon his canvases, and they seem to be laid without kneading, mixing, or emendation. Moreover, he tried no experiments with fugitive pigments, and his colors are still as clear, pure, and serene as when first laid on. Frank, honest little man that he was, he painted in a frank, honest way.

Composition was, perhaps, his weakest feature. It is the final and convincing proof of the influence of the theater upon his art. One cannot look at the Progresses or the 'Marriage à la Mode' without realizing that they are stage tableaux. The setting of the scenes, the grouping of the figures, the disposition of properties, the planes in which the figures stand, the exits and the entrances, all point to the theater. He took his characters from real life, but he arranged them like a stage-manager. This led to something akin to the artificial, to overmuch detail, and to the crowding of space. The object of many accessories was, of course, to suggest the tale that could not be spoken; and for the story-telling purpose the method was effective enough, but as pictorial composition it was sometimes unfortunate. As with many another painter, his least elaborate compositions were his best.

There can be no doubt that Hogarth's instincts were those of a painter. His feeling for color, air, values, his handling of the brush, his sense of delicacy and refinement in the placing of tones, all mark him as an artist whose medium of expression was necessarily pigment. The fact that his audience applauded him for his satires rather than for his painting does not invalidate the excellence of his art. There were only four great originals in old English painting,—Hogarth, Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner. Hogarth was the first, and some there be who do not hesitate to say that he was the greatest of them all.

AUSTIN DOBSON 'WILLIAM HOGARTH'

IT is neither by his achievements as an engraver nor his merits as a painter that Hogarth retains his unique position among English artists. It is as a pictorial chronicler of life and manners, as a satirist and humorist upon canvas, that he makes his chief claim upon posterity. His skill in seizing upon the ridiculous and the fantastic was only equaled by his power of rendering the tragic and the terrible. And it was not only given to him to see unerringly and to select unfalteringly, but to this was added a rare and special faculty for narrative by action. Other artists have succeeded in single scenes of humorous genre, or in isolated effects of passion and horror; but none has combined both with such signal ability, and carried them from one canvas to another with such assured dexterity, as this dramatist of the brush. To take some social blot, some burning fashionable vice, and hold it up sternly to "hard hearts"; to imagine it vividly, and body it forth with all the resources of unshrinking realism; to tear away its conventional trappings; to probe it to the quick, and lay bare its secret shameful workings to their inevitable end; to play upon it with inexhaustible ingenuity, with the

keenest and happiest humor; to decorate it with the utmost profuseness of fanciful accessory and suggestive detail; to be conscious at the gravest how the grotesque in life elbows the pathetic, and the strange, grating laugh of Mephistopheles is heard through the sorriest story;—these were his gifts, and this was his vocation, a vocation in which he has never yet been rivaled. Let the reader recall for a moment any names of note which during the last fifty years have been hastily dignified by indulgent criticism with the epithet "Hogarthian," and then consider if he honestly believes them to be in any way on a level with the painter of 'Marriage à la Mode.' In his own line he stands supreme and unapproached:

"*Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.*"

The Works of Hogarth

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'FOUR TIMES OF THE DAY—MORNING' PLATE I

THE series of four paintings, 'Morning,' 'Noon,' 'Evening,' and 'Night,' of which this is the first, does not tell a connected story. The scenes are so many glimpses of London street life of the period, imagined with Hogarth's characteristic ingenuity, truth, and humor. 'Morning' is perhaps the best of the four. The scene is Covent Garden of about a century and a half ago. The sun is newly risen, and there is frost on the housetops. A fruit-woman is warming her hands at a fire on the pavement; her companion, a beggar, solicits charity; two fuddled beaux, who have left their disorderly companions in "Tom King's Coffee-house," are embracing two young women, who seem to receive their caresses not unwillingly. But the best of the characters represented is the censorious prude, "that exquisite frost-piece of religion and morality," as Hazlitt calls her. Fielding borrowed her lineaments for his portrait of Bridget Allworthy, Thackeray copied her wintry figure for one of the initials to the 'Roundabout Papers,' and Dryden, in his satires, devotes an entire passage to her,—

"Sailing with lappet-head and mincing airs
Duly at clink of bell to morning prayers.
To thrift and parsimony much inclined,
She yet allows herself that boy behind;
The shivering urchin, bending as he goes,
With slipshod heels and dewdrop at his nose,
Carries her Bible tuck'd beneath his arm,
And hides his hands to keep his fingers warm."

Our reproduction has been made from Hogarth's own engraving of the original picture, which is in Lady Heathcote's collection at Hursley Park, England.

'MARRIAGE À LA MODE' SCENES I AND II PLATES II AND III

HOGARTH proved that the assertion of the critics, that his work was deficient in grace and distinction, and that he could not paint people of fashion, was unfounded, by producing, in 1745, the series of six paintings, now in the National Gallery, London, entitled 'Marriage à la Mode.' It proved to be his masterpiece, not only in invention and sustained dramatic power, but in the beauty and excellence of the painting. "There is no defect of invention, no superfluity of detail, no purposeless stroke in the whole tale," says Dobson. "From first to last it progresses steadily to its catastrophe by a forward march of skilfully linked and fully developed incidents, set in an atmosphere that makes it as vivid as nature itself, decorated with surprising fidelity, and enlivened by all the resources of the keenest humor."

The subject is unfolded in six tableaux. A nobleman who finds it necessary to regild his escutcheon has condescended to the marriage of his son with the daughter of a rich London alderman. The drama begins with the signature of the marriage contract (plate II), and we are introduced into the drawing-room of the Honorable Viscount, Lord Squanderfield. The alderman, awkward in the presence of the aristocrat, is seated at a table in the center of the room, holding the marriage contract, while his man of business hands the earl a bundle of mortgages. Guineas and bank-notes are piled upon the table; for the haughty nobleman only assents to such a misalliance for gold, and every accessory echoes his pride and pomposity—his very crutches are adorned with the coronet. Superbly dressed in an orange-colored velvet coat, the gouty earl points loftily to his genealogical tree, the roots of which spring from William the Conqueror. At the other side of the room the affianced couple, the earl's son and the alderman's daughter, are sitting side by side, their indifference toward one another already manifest. The bridegroom, a pale, effeminate young man, in a light blue coat loaded with embroidery, lifts a pinch of snuff, and turns with complacent foppery to admire his countenance in the mirror—a wonderful figure of the degenerate aristocrat, the man of birth worn out by precocious debauchery. His bride, in a white satin gown, her hair dressed with flowers and laces, plays with her wedding ring, which she has strung upon her handkerchief, listening meanwhile to the insidious compliments which Counsellor Silvertongue—a handsome barrister, "without a sharp angle in his face," who is to play a leading part in this 'Marriage à la Mode'—whispers in her ear. The only other figure in the scene is that of an old lawyer, who, with a gesture of contempt, is gazing through the open window at an ill-designed mansion which the earl is in process of building, but which is already crumbling behind its scaffold.

In the second picture (plate III), 'The Breakfast Scene,' the marriage has taken place—indeed is already beginning to be dissolved. The scene is the home of the pair, a saloon, "costly without elegance." Though the clock marks twenty minutes after twelve, the candles are still smoldering, and a yawning footman is languidly arranging the furniture in the background. On either side of the fireplace sit the newly married couple. My lord has evidently just returned from some independent nocturnal expedition. His whole

appearance witnesses his jaded, tipsy condition, and 'his countenance,' as Charles Lamb says, "lectures on the vanity of pleasure as audibly as anything in Ecclesiastes." His sword, broken in its scabbard, is lying on the carpet, the evidence of a stormy night; and a lap-dog is sniffling at a woman's cap which protrudes from his pocket. The countess, dressed in a coquettish night-cap, white morning jacket, and pink skirt, is stretching her arms with a pretty feminine movement, full of indolent lassitude, and glances disdainfully at her husband. The overturned chair, the cards, and Hoyle's 'Treatise on Whist' on the floor bear witness that she has not waited up for him alone. Neither master nor mistress notices the steward, who, hoping perhaps to find his master sober at this early hour, has come with his bundle of accounts, but who leaves the room with uplifted eyes—a single paid bill upon his file.

"Throughout the 'Marriage à la Mode' Series," writes Gautier, "Hogarth perfectly merits the name of a great painter. Take, as example, his treatment of this second scene. Nothing in his achievement is finer, either in conception or execution, than the figure of the exhausted and disgusted young nobleman. His pale, attenuated, morbid face, which shows the revolt of nature after last night's debauchery, stands out against the yellowish white of the mantelpiece with marvelous delicacy. The coloring of the lady is charming; nothing could well be more delicate than the harmony of the pale pink skirt with the white bodice. Her face, in its muslin cap, shows her fatigue by a roseate flush which only the most skilful of colorists would have attempted. The background is masterful; and while no detail is so striking as to fix the eye, none is superfluous."

It has been made evident that the viscount and his countess have elected to take their pleasures apart. What those pleasures are is indicated in the two pictures which follow; for the third shows us the husband in dissolute company in the office of a quack doctor; and in the fourth we see the countess at her toilet, surrounded by fashionable friends, while lounging near her upon a sofa, and engaging her in a dangerously intimate conversation, is Counsellor Silvertongue.

The fifth picture brings us to the climax of the tragedy. The young husband has discovered the countess and Counsellor Silvertongue at their place of meeting, and burst in the door. There has been a brief encounter in the dying firelight, and my lord is staggering, fatally wounded, in the middle of the room, while his wife, in an agony of terror, kneels at his feet. In the background Counsellor Silvertongue escapes through an open window.

The last scene is laid in the house of the alderman, her father, whither the countess has fled. Counsellor Silvertongue has been hanged for murder at Tyburn, for a copy of his 'Last Dying Speech' lies upon the floor. The countess has poisoned herself with laudanum, and her child, a sickly girl,—for the race of Squanderfield is to become extinct,—is held up by the nurse to kiss her mother's cheek while it is still warm. Meantime the alderman, with prudent foresight, draws a valuable ring from the finger of his dying daughter before it shall stiffen in rigor mortis.

'THE MARCH TO FINCHLEY' PLATE IV

HOGARTH named this remarkable picture, in which he has burlesqued the disorders of a military dislodgment, and shown his unrivaled skill in the massing and handling of a multitude of figures, 'The March of the Guards towards Scotland in the Year 1745'; but it is commonly known as 'The March to Finchley.' It is supposed that the approach of Prince Charlie has summoned these petted heroes of London to the field; and the scene is laid in Tottenham Court turnpike. In the distance we see the companies, with their baggage, marching, orderly enough, towards Highgate; but the rear, in a confusion that defies description, forms the humorous foreground.

The central group is symbolic—a tall guardsman stands in ludicrous indecision between his Catholic and Protestant sweethearts. Near him a drummer endeavors to drown his own grief and that of his wife and child by the thunder of his drum; an officer kisses a milkmaid, while a soldier pours the milk into his hat; another soldier points out this diverting incident to a pieman, and at the same time steals some of his wares; a barrel of liquor is tapped upon the shoulder of its unconscious owner; a drunkard in the gutter turns in disgust from a malicious proffer of water, and holds out his hand to a female gin-seller whose wizened infant imitates his gesture; a fight, watched by excited spectators, is going on in the background—and "altogether there is such a staggering and swaggering, such a carousing, such neglect of all obedience, and obedience to nothing but the caprice of the moment," writes Allan Cunningham, "as probably never was witnessed; and yet all is natural, consistent, and characteristic."

The original of this picture hangs in the Committee-room of the Foundling Hospital in London. Our reproduction is taken from an engraving of it made under Hogarth's supervision by Luke Sullivan, whose masterpiece it is.

'THE ELECTION SERIES—CHAIRING THE MEMBER' PLATE V

THIS picture, which now hangs in the Soane Museum, London, is the last of a set of four satires upon the conduct of elections in Hogarth's day. The whole series is not only inimitable in invention, but among the best examples of Hogarth's work in execution.

In the first of the set we are shown the candidates feasting their constituents; in the second they are canvassing for votes; in the third the votes are being polled; and in the fourth, which we reproduce, the victorious member is being "chaired," or carried abroad in triumphant procession by his supporters. The unhappy man (over whose head flies a goose, in burlesque of the eagle in Alexander Le Brun's 'Battle of Granicus') is clinging desperately to his wavering seat, for a frightened sow with her litter has thrown the van of the procession into confusion. In the foreground an enraged thresher strikes with his flail at a sailor, whose performing bear seizes the opportunity to plunder the barrels borne by an ass, while that animal's master retaliates with a cudgel; the defeated opponents grin with delight from the inn opposite, where they are feasting—and so on, almost every inch of the plate being crowded with like significant details.

'SIMON, LORD LOVAT' PLATE VI

THE notorious Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, was an aged Scottish nobleman, who after having supported the government in the Jacobite rising treacherously went over to the rebels in 1745. After the battle of Culloden he was captured, and beheaded for treason. He was being brought to London for trial when, in 1746, Hogarth met him at St. Albans, and painted his portrait. "I took his likeness," writes the artist, "when he was relating on his fingers the numbers of the rebel forces." The picture, now in the National Portrait Gallery, London, though hastily executed, renders admirably the short squat figure, in the reddish-brown coat, white stockings, and sleeve-ruffles, of his traitorous lordship, with his crafty eyes and "pawky" expression.

"By very simple means," writes Claude Phillips, "and with but few of those technical refinements which help to render irresistible the better preserved works of Gainsborough and Reynolds, Hogarth attains on great occasions to a frankness and vitality greater even than theirs. 'Simon, Lord Lovat,' lives and breathes as only a Frans Hals lives and breathes, and with a life less purely animal, though physical vitality is still predominant."

'THE SHRIMP GIRL' PLATE VII

"THIS wonderful picture of a shrimp-seller, in the National Gallery, London, with its harmonious color-scheme of reds, browns, and grays," writes Claude Phillips, "is quite different from any of Hogarth's other works. As an instantaneous impression of a fleeting moment of physical activity it has never been surpassed even by the most magically dexterous impressionists of to-day. . . . The only thing that I recall that has the same quality of overpowering momentariness, lacking only the voice to cry out at you from the canvas, is 'The Fruit-seller' by Goya. If Hogarth had persevered in this direction, instead of allowing 'The Shrimp Girl' to remain, so far as I know, an isolated exception in his work, it is impossible to say what triumphs of execution he might have achieved."

'THE DISTRESSED POET' PLATE VIII

THE painting of 'The Distressed Poet' belongs to the Duke of Westminster. Our plate is reproduced from Hogarth's own engraving from it.

The poor verse-maker has risen early to finish his poem on 'Riches'; but neither the map of the 'Gold Mines of Peru' on the wall above him nor "all his books around"—a magnificent total of three—serve to set his muse on fire. Meanwhile the milkmaid (who, as Hartley Coleridge says, has "as little milkiness about her as if she had been suckled on blue ruin and brimstone") has arrived, and angrily demands payment of her bill. The poet has the consolation, however, of having for a companion one of the few lovable figures that Hogarth ever drew—the patient wife who gazes so mildly and helplessly at the long score, while she darns her shivering husband's small-clothes.

'GARRICK AND HIS WIFE' PLATE IX

HOGARTH was David Garrick's close friend, and painted him several times. In this family portrait, now in the Royal Gallery at Windsor, he has represented the actor engaged in writing the prologue to Foote's comedy 'Taste,' while his wife, in a pink dress and white fichu, steals up behind to take the pen from his hand—a pose borrowed from Vanloo. The picture is very beautifully painted, but the actor, accustomed to being represented in more theatrical state, found his figure lacking in dignity, and said so; whereupon the quick-tempered Hogarth drew his brush across the face; and Garrick's eyes, ill-drawn and more coarsely painted than the remainder of the picture, have been restored by another hand.

'A RAKE'S PROGRESS—THE HEIR' PLATE X

HOGARTH followed his first series of moral satires, 'A Harlot's Progress,' by a second series, which he called 'A Rake's Progress.' The story told by the eight pictures is, as Thackeray has summarized it, "that of a spendthrift coming into the wealth of the paternal miser, the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his money on the very worst company; the bailiffs; the gambling-house; and Bedlam for an end."

In the first picture, which is reproduced in our plate, we see "Tom Rakewell," as Hogarth named his chief character, suddenly entering into his inheritance. The house has been ransacked for the hoardings of his dead father's avarice. The mortgages and bonds are scattered about the room, and one searcher has discovered gold pieces hidden behind the cornice. The heir, whose fortune is written in his silly face, is being measured for his mourning. And, while his knavish attorney already robs him behind his back, he holds out a handful of gold to heal the heart of his former sweetheart, whom he has jilted now that he is rich, and whose mother berates him.

In the ensuing scene we see the clumsy youth transformed into a man of fashion. Wig-makers, tailors, hatters, dancing-masters, fencing-masters, and fawning poets and artists crowd his anteroom. In the third scene he is tipsy in a tavern; in the next he is arrested for debt; in the fifth he attempts to repair his fortunes by marriage with an elderly one-eyed heiress, but even at the altar turns to leer at her good-looking maid. Thereafter he "progresses" at a headlong rate. In the sixth picture we find him in a gambling-house, where he has already lost his recently acquired wealth; next he is in the Fleet Street Prison, berated by his wife and dunned by the jailer. In the last scene we find him an incurable maniac, chained in Bedlam amongst other lunatics, but attended by the faithful sweetheart whom he renounced in the first picture.

The eight paintings of 'A Rake's Progress' are now in the Soane Museum, London.

A LIST OF SOME OF THE MORE NOTABLE PAINTINGS BY HOGARTH

THOSE of the paintings named in the following list which are marked with an asterisk (*) were also engraved or etched by Hogarth himself. For a complete list of his prints the reader is referred to Mr. Austin Dobson's 'William Hogarth.'

ENGLAND. CAMBRIDGE, FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM: Portraits of Dr. Arnold and of Miss Arnold — CLIFTON, FINE ARTS ACADEMY: Altar-piece — LONDON, ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: The Pool of Bethesda; The Good Samaritan — LONDON, BURLINGTON HOUSE: Life School at the Academy in Peter's Court — LONDON, BRITISH MUSEUM: Orator Henley Christening a Child — LONDON, FOUNDLING HOSPITAL: The March to Finchley (Plate IV); Moses Brought to Pharaoh's Daughter;* Captain Coram — LONDON, CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS: Portrait of James Gibbs — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of Hogarth (Page 20); Marriage à la Mode, a series of six pictures (see Plates II and III); Sigismunda; Mary Hogarth; A Family Group; The Shrimp Girl (Plate VII); Hogarth's Six Servants; Lavinia Fenton as "Polly Peachum"; The Gate of Calais; Hogarth's Sister, Mrs. Salter — LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: Simon, Lord Lovat* (Plate VI); Hogarth Painting the Comic Muse;* Committee of House of Commons Examining Bambridge — LONDON, ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: Sir C. Hawkins — LONDON, ROYAL SOCIETY: Martin Folkes, Esq.* — LONDON, SOANE MUSEUM: A Rake's Progress,* a series of eight pictures (see Plate X); The Election,* series of four pictures (see Plate V) — LONDON, SOCIETY OF LINCOLN'S INN: Paul before Felix* — OXFORD, CHRIST CHURCH HALL: Bishop Hooper — WINDSOR, ROYAL GALLERY: Garrick and his Wife (Plate IX) — IRELAND. DUBLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: George II. and Family; Portrait of Benjamin Hoadley — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portraits of Mr. and of Mrs. Dawson; Sarah Malcolm — UNITED STATES. NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Miss Rich Building a House of Cards.

PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

ENGLAND. EARL OF ABERCORN'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Hon. J. Hamilton — LADY ASHBURTON'S COLLECTION: View in St. James's Park — COLLECTION OF WILLIAM CARPENTER, ESQ.: Wanstead Assembly — COLLECTION OF W. C. CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.: Portrait of Mrs. Desaguliers — LORD CHESHAM'S COLLECTION: William, fifth Duke of Devonshire — COLLECTION OF JOHN CLELAND, ESQ.: A Lady at a Tea-table. — OWNED BY THE CONYBEARE FAMILY: Twelve pictures of Hudibras* — COLLECTION OF MRS. COSENS-EAST: Portrait of Hogarth's Mother — EARL OF COVENTRY'S COLLECTION: The Earl of Coventry and his Wife — COLLECTION OF MRS. HERBERT DEEDES: Wedding of Mr. Beckingham and Miss Corbett — DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S COLLECTION: The Devonshire Family — EARL OF DUNMORE'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Mrs. Garrick — COLLECTION OF AYSCOUGH FAWKES, ESQ.: The Country in the Olden Time — EARL OF FEVERSHAM'S COLLECTION: Garrick as Richard III.* — COLLECTION OF H. GRAVES, ESQ.: Simon, Lord Lovat* — COLLECTION OF ERNEST GYE, ESQ.: Portrait of Mrs. Hoadley — COLLECTION OF DR. EDWARD HAMILTON: Portrait of Mrs. Garrick — LADY HEATHCOTE'S COLLECTION: Morning* (Plate I); Night* — COLLECTION OF H. A. HELYAR, ESQ.: The Misses Weston — COLLECTION OF F. B. HENSON, ESQ.: Peg Woffington — HOLLAND HOUSE: Scene in the "Indian Emperor" — COLLECTION OF MRS. HUGHES: Portrait of Miss Wood; Mr. Wood's Dog — COLLECTION OF LOUIS HUTH, ESQ.: The Lady's Last Stake; Scene in the "Beggar's Opera" — EARL OF ILCHESTER'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Lord Holland; Portrait Group — LORD LANSDOWNE'S COLLECTION: Peg Woffington — DUKE OF LEEDS' COLLECTION: Scene in the "Beggar's Opera" — EARL OF LONSDALE'S COLLECTION: Portraits of Lady Byron, of Miss Byron, and of Master Byron; Broughton, the Prize-fighter* — EARL OF MACCLESFIELD'S COLLECTION: Portrait of William Jones, Esq. — COLLECTION OF C. BRINSLEY MARLEY, ESQ.: Lavinia Fenton, Duchess of Bolton — COLLECTION OF H. BINGHAM MILDMAY, ESQ.: Portrait of Mrs. Hogarth — EARL OF MONTROSE'S COLLECTION: Captain Lord George Graham — COL-

LECTION OF JOHN MURRAY, ESQ.: Scene in the "Beggar's Opera" — DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S COLLECTION: Southwark Fair* — COLLECTION OF MRS. GOUGH NICHOLS: A Musical Study — SIR JOHN NEELD'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Samuel Richardson — EARL OF NORMANTON'S COLLECTION: The Graham Family — LORD ST. OSWALD'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Mrs. Clive; Portrait of Lady Thornhill — COLLECTION OF GENERAL G. A. SCHOMBERG: Portrait of Captain Sir A. Schomberg — EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION: View of Spencer House — SIR CHARLES TENNANT'S COLLECTION: Green Room, Drury Lane; Peg Woffington — LORD TWEEDMOUTH'S COLLECTION: Lord Castlemaine and Family — COLLECTION OF T. HUMPHREY WARD, ESQ.: Portrait of a Young Man — EARL OF WEMYSS' COLLECTION: Second Scene of 'A Harlot's Progress'* (the other five scenes were burned at Fonthill in 1755) — DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S COLLECTION: The Distressed Poet* (Plate VIII); Boy with a Kite — COLLECTION OF FREDERICK WOLLASTON, ESQ.: The Wollaston Family — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, COLLECTION OF T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE, ESQ.: Portrait of a Lady — CHICAGO, COLLECTION OF R. HALL MCCORMICK, ESQ.: Portrait of a Young Girl; Modern Midnight Conversation.

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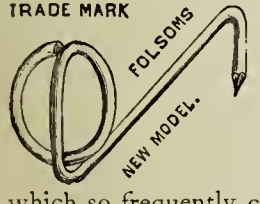

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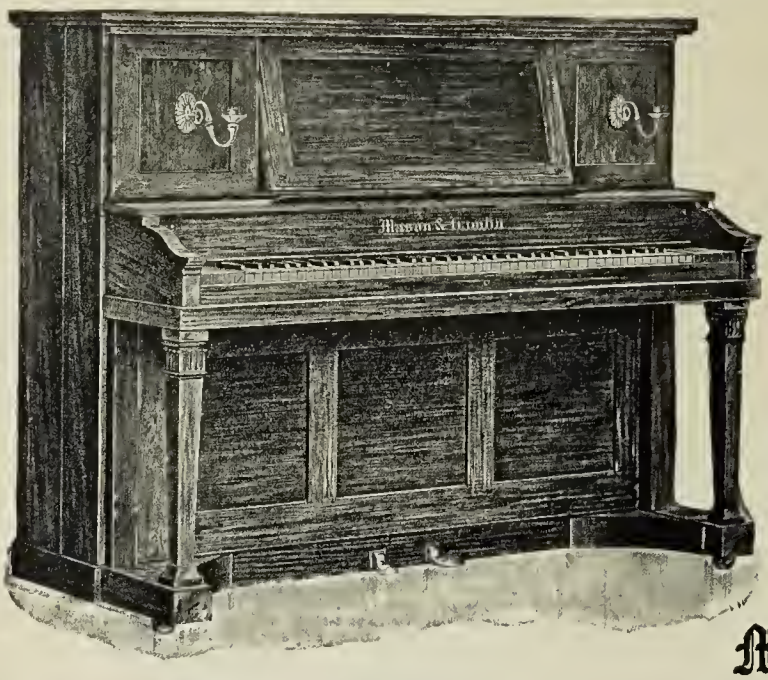

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